

You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

*Corn.* Come Sir.

What Letters had you late from France?

*Reg.* Be simple answer'd, for we know the truth.

*Corn.* And what confederacie have you with the Traitors, late footed in the Kingdome?

*Reg.* To whose hands

You have sent the Lunaticke King: Speake.

*Glon.* I have a Letter guessingly set downe

Which came from one that's of a newtrall heart,

And not from one oppos'd.

*Corn.* Cunning.

*Reg.* And false.

*Corn.* Where hast thou sent the King?

*Glon.* To Douer.

*Reg.* Wherefore to Douer?

Was't thou not charg'd at perill.

*Corn.* Wherefore to Douer? Let him answer that.

*Glon.* I am tyed to th'Stake,

And I must stand the Course.

*Reg.* Wherefore to Douer?

*Glon.* Because I would not see thy cruell Nails

Plucke out his poore old eyes: nor thy fierce Sister,

In his Anointed flesh, sticke boarish phangs.

The Sea, with such a storme as his bare head,

In Hell-blacke night indur'd, would haue buoy'd vp

And quench'd the Stelled fires:

Yet poore old heart, he holpe the Heauens to raine.

If Wolves had at thy Gate howl'd that sterne time,

Thou should'st haue said, good Porter turne the Key:

All Cruels else subscribe: but I shall see

The winged Vengeance ouertake such Children.

*Corn.* See't shalt thou neuer. Fellowes hold y' Chaire,

Vpon these eyes of thine, lie for my foote.

*Glon.* He that will thinke to live, till he be old,

Giue me some helpe. — O cruell! O you Gods.

*Reg.* One side will mocke another: Th'other too.

*Corn.* If you see vengeance.

*Serv.* Hold your hand, my Lord:

I haue seru'd you eu' since I was a Childe:

But better seruice haue I neuer done you,

Then now to bid you hold.

*Reg.* How now, you dogge?

*Serv.* If you did weare a beard vpon your chin,

I'd shake it on this quarrell. What do you meane?

*Corn.* My Villaine?

*Serv.* Nay then come on, and take the chance of anger.

*Reg.* Giue me thy Sword. A pezant stand vp thus?

*Killes him.*

*Serv.* Oh I am slaine: my Lord, you haue one eye left

To see some mischefe on him. Oh.

*Corn.* Left it see more, preuent it; Our vilde gelly:

Where is thy Sister now?

*Glon.* All darke and comfortlesse?

Where's my Sonne Edmund?

*Edmund.* enkindle all the sparkes of Nature

To quire this horrid acte.

*Reg.* Out treacherous Villaine,

Thou call'st on him, that hates thee. It was he

That made the queisture of thy Treasons to vs:

Who is too good to pittie thee.

*Glon.* O my Polities! then Edgar was abus'd,

Kinde Gods, forgive me that, and prosper him.

*Reg.* Goghrust him out at gates, and let him smell

His way to Douer. *Exit with Gloucester.*

How is't my Lord? How looke you?

*Corn.* I haue receiu'd a hurt: Follow me Lady:  
Turne out that eyelesse Villaine: throw this Slaue  
Vpon the Dunghill: *Regan*, I bleed apace,  
Vntimely comes this hurt. Giue me your arme. *Exeunt.*

### Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

*Enter Edgar.*

*Edg.* Yet better thus, and knowne to be contempt'd,  
Then still contain'd and flatter'd, to be worst:  
The lowest, and most dejected thing of Fortune,  
Stands still in esperance, liues not in feare:  
The lamentable change is from the best,  
The worst turnes to laughter. Welcome then,  
Thou vnsubstantiall ayre that I embrace:  
The Wretch that thou hast blowne vnto the worst,  
Owes nothing to thy blasts.

*Enter Gloucester, and an Oldman.*

But who comes heere? My Father poorely led?  
World, World, O world!  
But that thy strange mutations make vs hate thee,  
Life would not yeelde to age.

*Oldm.* O my good Lord, I haue bene your Tenant,  
And your Fathers Tenant, these fourescore yeares.

*Glon.* Away, get thee away: good Friend be gone,  
Thy comforts can do me no good at all,  
Thee, they may hurt.

*Oldm.* You cannot see your way.

*Glon.* I haue no way, and therefore want no eyes:  
I stumbled when I saw. Full oft 'tis scene,  
Our meanes secure vs, and our meere defects  
Proue our Commodities. Oh deere Sonne Edgar,

The food of thy abused Fathers wrath:  
Might I but liue to see thee in my touch,  
I'd say I had eyes againe.

*Oldm.* How now? who's there?

*Edg.* O Gods! Who is't can say I am at the worst?  
I am worse then ere I was.

*Old.* 'Tis poore mad Tom.

*Edg.* And worse I may be yet: the worst is not,  
So long as we can say this is the worst.

*Oldm.* Fellow, where goest?

*Glon.* Is it a Beggar-man?

*Oldm.* Madman, and beggar too.

*Glon.* He has some reason, else he could not beg:  
I'th'last nights storme, I such a fellow saw,  
Which made me thinke a Man, a Worme. My Sonne

Came then into my minde, and yet my minde  
Was then scarce Friends with him.

I haue heard more since:  
As Flies to wanton Boyes, are we to th'Gods,  
They kill vs for their sport.

*Edg.* How should this be?

Bad is the Trade that must play Foole to sorrow,  
Ang'ring it selfe, and others. Blesse thee Master.

*Glon.* Is that the naked Fellow?

*Oldm.* I, my Lord.

*Glon.* Get thee away: If for my sake  
Thou wilt ore-take vs hence a mile or twaine,  
I'th' way toward Douer, do it for ancient loue,  
And bring some couering for this naked Soule,  
Which Ile intreate to leade me.

*Old.* Alacke sir, he is mad.

*Glon.* 'Tis the times plague,  
When Madmen leade the blinde:  
Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure:  
About the rest, be gone.

*Oldm.* Ile bring him the best Parrell that I haue  
Come on't, what will. *Exit*

*Glon.* Sirrah, naked fellow.

*Edg.* Poore Tom's a cold. I cannot daub it further.

*Glon.* Come hither fellow.

*Edg.* And yet I must:

Blesse thy sweete eyes, they bleede.

*Glon.* Know'st thou the way to Douer?

*Edg.* Both stile, and gate; Horseway, and foot-path:  
poore Tom hath bin scard out of his good wits. Blesse  
thee good mans sonne, from the foule fiend.

*Glon.* Here take this purse, y whom the heau'ns plagues  
Haue humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched  
Makes thee the happier: Heauens deale so still:  
Let the superfluous, and Lust-dieted man,  
That slaues your ordinance, that will not see  
Because he do's not feelee, feelee your powre quickly:

So distribution should vndoo excessse,  
And each man haue enough. Dost thou know Douer?

*Edg.* I Master.

*Glon.* There is a Cliffe, whose high and bending head  
Lookes fearfully in the confined Deepe:  
Bring me but to the very brimme of it,  
And Ile repaire the misery thou do'st beare  
With something rich about me: from that place,  
I shall no leading neede.

*Edg.* Giue me thy arme;  
Poore Tom shall leade thee. *Exeunt.*

### Scena Secunda.

*Enter Gonerill, Bastard, and Steward.*

*Gon.* Welcome my Lord. I mercuill our mild husband  
Not met vs on the way. Now, where's your Master?

*Stew.* Madam within, but neuer man so chang'd:  
I told him of the Army that was Landed:  
He smil'd at it. I told him you were coming,  
His answer was, the worse. Of Glosters Treachery,  
And of the loyall Seruice of his Sonne

When I inform'd him, then he call'd me Sot;  
And told me I had turn'd the wrong side out:  
What most he should dislike, seemes pleasant to him;  
What like, offensue.

*Gon.* Then shall you go no further.  
It is the Cowish terror of his spirit  
That dares not vndertake: Hee'l not feelee wrongs  
Which tye him to an answer: our wishes on the way  
May proue effects. Backe *Edmond* to my Brother,  
Hasten his Musters, and conduct his powres.

I must change names at home, and giue the Disaffe  
Into my Husbands hands. This trustie Seruant  
Shall passe betweene vs: ere long you are like to heare  
(If you dare venture in your owne behalfe)  
A Mistresses command. Weare this; spare speech,  
Decline your head. This kisse, if it durst speake  
Would stretch thy Spirits vp into the ayre:  
Conceiue, and fare thee well.

*Bast.* Yours in the ranks of death. *Exit.*

*Gon.* My most deere Gloster.

Oh, the difference of ma  
To thee a Womans seru  
My Foole vlrpes my bo  
*Stew.* Madam, here

*Gon.* I haue bene w  
*Alb.* Oh Gonerill,  
You are not worth the d  
Blowes in your face:

*Gon.* Milke-Liuer'd  
That bear'st a cheek for  
Who hast not in thy bro  
Thine Honor, from thy

*Alb.* See thy selfe di  
Proper deformitie seem  
So horrid as in woman.

*Gon.* Oh vaine Foole  
*Enter*

*Mef.* Oh my good L  
Slaine by his Seruant, go  
The other eye of Gloucester

*Alb.* Gloucesters eyes  
*Mef.* A Seruant that h

Oppos'd against the act  
To his great Master, wh  
Flew on him, and aniong  
But not without that ha  
Hath pluckt him after.

*Alb.* This shewes yo  
You Iustices, that thes  
So speedily can venge  
Loft he his other eye?

*Mef.* Both, both, m  
This Leter Madam, cra  
'Tis from your Sister.

*Gon.* One way I like  
But being widow, and  
May all the building in  
Vpon my hateful life,  
The Newes is not so tart

*Alb.* Where was his  
When they did take his  
*Mef.* Come with my

*Alb.* He is not heere.  
*Mef.* No my good Lo  
*Alb.* Knowes he the

*Mef.* I my good Lo  
And quit the house on p  
Might haue the freer cou  
*Alb.* Gloucester, I liue

To thanke thee for the k  
And to reuenge thine ey  
Tell me what more thou

### Scena

*Enter with Drum and*

*Cor.* Alacke, 'tis he  
As mad as the next Sea,  
Crown'd with rapke Fer

With Hardokes, Heml